

Trial by Jury

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Copyright, 1911, by American Press Association.

"Jim Turnlee," said the colored judge, "yo' is cha'ged wid de killin' ob Mose Harkins. De persecutin' at-to'ney mus' do eberything he kin to co'flict ya, an' yo' lawyer what de co't gib yo' has got to do eberything he kin to get yo' off. Mr. Persecutin' At-to'ney, open de case."

The prosecuting attorney rose and said:

"Jim Turnlee, wha' fo' yo' kill Mose Harkins?"

"I didn't kill Mose Harkins," replied the accused, much excited.

"Yes, yo' did; yo' know yo' did."

Turning to the court: "We shall prove, yo' honah, dat de prisoner done de deed wid malice aforethought, on de impulse ob de moment. In de early mawnin' he heered a rooster crowin', an' he dreamed ob fried chicken fo' breakfast. Wid blood in de eye, he got up an' went to de fa'm ob Mose Harkins, opened de henhouse do', went in an' grab a chicken by de leg. De squawkin' roused Mose Harkins. He got out ob bed, frowned up de winder an' looked out. De dawn was breakin', an' Jim Turnlee, he bein' inside de henhouse, didn't see Mose lookin' out ob de winder; but, hearin' de winder go up, he said in de henhouse do' to hide. Mose go way from de winder an' git he shotgun an' shoot into de henhouse. Den Jim he shot, too, an' Mose drop back dead. Dat am de circumstance ob de case. Jim Turnlee he done de murder, an' if he counsel prove to de contrary de jury won't believe 'im."

The state attorney sat down, and the counsel for the defense arose.

"Jim Turnlee," he said savagely.

The prisoner started.

"Wha' yo' lookin' wid out ob dem eyes ob yonna fo'? Yo' hain't gwine to fight a nigger ob wildcats; yo' gwine to prove dat yo' didn't kill Mose Harkins."

If this was intended to restore the prisoner's equanimity it failed. Jim looked more than ever as if he must defend himself by killing the judge, jury and spectators. His counsel proceeded:

"Jim Turnlee, tell de co't wha' yo' were on de mawnin' dat Mose Harkins was killed."

"I was in ma bed."

"What was yo' doin' in bed?"

"Sleepin'."

"Hold on dah," interposed the prosecutor. "If yo' was asleep how do yo' know wha' yo' were? Might a' been stealin' chickens."

The prisoner looked ready to break and run.

"Yo' honah," said counsel for defense, "de gen'lmen said in de openin' argyfyer dat ma client was dreamin' ob fried chicken fo' breakfast. How he know wha' ma client was dreamin' 'bout, I like to know? An' de persecutin' said dat Jim was in de henhouse. If Jim was in de henhouse, how did Mose know it was Jim what shot him?"

"I didn't say Mose said Jim shot him. Mose was daid enyhow."

"How yo' gwine to prove dat de nigger in de henhouse was Jim?"

"How I gwine to prove dat?"

"Yes. How yo' gwine to prove dat?"

"Yo' honah, hab I got to prove 'twas Jim in de henhouse when Mose was killed?"

The judge looked puzzled and finally said:

"Mose was killed, wasn't he?"

"Sartin, sure."

"An' a nigger in de henhouse shot him?"

"Yes, judge."

"Den since Jim hearn de rooster crow an' dreamed ob fried chicken fo' breakfast de 'pinion ob de co't is dat Jim got up an' went to de henhouse fo' to git a chicken. Dat's wha' ebery nigger would 'a' done. An' if Jim was in de henhouse when Mose shot in dar berry likin' Jim shot back. Enyhow, I would if I'd 'a' been dar, yo' bet."

"Much 'bliged, yo' honah, fo' gibin' me ma line of argyfyin'. De groun' on which ma client stands is self defense."

"How yo' make dat out?" asked the prosecutor.

"Ef a nigger was shootin' at yo' wouldn't yo' shoot back?"

"Yes-no."

"I leabe it to de gen'lmen ob de jury if dey was in a henhouse stealin' chickens an' de owner ob de chickens was shootin' at 'em wouldn't dey shoot back?"

The jury consulted, and finally the foreman gave their reply.

"De jury thinks dat if dey was in de henhouse an' Mose Harkins was shootin' at 'em dey wouldn't need to shoot back, 'cause Mose couldn't hit a ba'n."

"This decision was quite a setback for the defense, but the prisoner's counsel was equal to the occasion."

"Yo' honah," he said, "ef Mose couldn't hit a ba'n how can de use ob Jim's shootin' back?"

At this juncture the widow of the murdered man came into court with some very special evidence, as was indicated by the expression on her face. It was this:

"Ma husband, hearin' some one in de chicken house, got up an' got de gun fo' to shoot. But it was so da'k, judge, in de room dat he got de wrong end ob de gun agin de stonick, an' when he put de gun out ob de winder de trigger knock agin de sill, and dat's wha' killed him."

"De prisoner is discharged."

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar, if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory, or money refunded. Red Cross Pharmacy, E. A. Brown, C. H. Kendrick & Co., D. F. Davis, George L. Edison, J. D. McArthur, W. B. Miles & Co., McAllister Bros., D. C. Howard, J. A. Cummings, J. W. Parmenter.

I. Slight Cold
II. Bad Cough
III. ConsumptionTAKE
SIROLIN
EARLY

In Woman's Realm.

Boil starch well, stirring a minute with an ordinary paraffin candle. Use the starch while warm and flannels will never stick.

Beef tea is best when made at home. Good points to be observed in its manufacture are never to let it boil, always to begin with cold water and to have the beef cut as fine as possible.

Japanese and plain straw matting should be washed with salt water and rubbed dry. This keeps it soft and prevents the matting becoming brittle and racking. Brooms soaked in hot salt water wear better and will not break off short.

For woolen materials French chalk is of great use in removing grease spots. Rub the chalk thoroughly into the spot, cover it with a piece of white muslin, and allow it to remain at least one hour. Then brush well with a stiff clothes brush.

Caramel Pudding.—Two cupful golden brown sugar, one and one-quarter cupful of water, two heaping teaspoons of corn starch, butter the size of a hickory nut, one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Put the sugar and water in pan and boil. Then add the butter and moistened corn starch and let boil for three minutes, or till clear. Pour in small individual dishes and serve cold with whipped cream. This dessert is highly spoken of by all who taste it.

Again has started afresh the discussion of the question: "Did we ever have before a winter like this?" In 1870, according to one old-timer, and at least this section of the country experienced another such season. New Year's day that winter was so comfortable that it was no discomfort to sit on a piazza without wraps, and one man says that he says on the piazza on that day for some time in his shirt sleeves and is still alive to tell the tale. There was practically no sleighing all that winter. A few inches of snow would fall, but it quickly disappeared and February of that year was bitterly cold.

Suggestions as to Stockings.

The question of stockings is always of great importance to women, for upon them devolves the task of buying, repairing and overseeing the cleaning of them. Some points, then, are worth considering.

Always insist upon fast black. It is a matter of economy and health. Any stocking that parts with its black at the first washing you may be sure has been carelessly dyed and the "running" tendency endangers health. Besides, if you wish green stockings, why not buy them at first?

Woolen soles are considered by many to be more restful than black.

Do not buy stockings too short. The error on the other side is just as bad. If you have a limited purse, do not indulge in silk stockings, unless of superior quality. The little "rivers" caused by a break in the fabric have a wonderful ability to rush to the end, if not stopped immediately.

Do not use soap when washing black thread stockings. Make a solution of a teaspoonful of borax in a mustard, stirred into a bowl of warm water. After washing the stockings in this preparation press out the water, roll in a towel and dry near a fire.

If you wish to restore color to black stockings, boil them in one quart of water, into which a few chips of logwood have been thrown.

When darning stockings do not neglect to reinforce the worn places by continuing the darning stitches quite a distance beyond the hole. A stitch in time is a labor-saving device in hosiery.

Advice About Wrinkles.

Youth is the time when a woman should begin her fight against that arch enemy to beauty—the wrinkle. If she waits until middle life to combat this stealthy foe, it is too late, the wrinkle has established its cobweb of lines across the face. It has a spidery cunning and persistence that will require all the self-control a woman can muster to outwit it.

Few women realize how early this enemy begins its work of undermining beauty. The child who is encouraged to make an ugly face because it is amusing soon develops a funny trick into an ugly habit, and the first toothhold is given the wrinkle.

One cannot begin too early to guard against this habit, and the best safeguard is self-control. The woman who uses her face to give emphasis to a shaft of sarcasm is harming herself. The girl who gushes and acquires affectation in writing lines upon her face that in later years she will strive to erase.

The woman who makes an effort to change a sullen disposition will soon possess a countenance that explains itself. The quick temper, the melancholy temperament are both fostered by the wrinkle. It is possible to suffer deeply and yet carry a serene face to the world if women will only practice self-control.

Of course, wrinkles are often produced by nervousness, had eyesight and in children are often formed from sitting in an incorrect position or in a glare, and some times from the hair being allowed to hang loose, which blows in the face and makes the child wrinkle her features to get rid of it. Care should be taken to correct all of these causes while a child is still malleable.

If these corrections are delayed until later in life, then the victim of facial contortions must of necessity take to adhesive plaster, massage and self-control. The last is the most difficult, but the most successful.—Exchange.

Dorothy Dexter.

FAMINE
SPREADSAppeal For the Sufferers in
China

SEATTLE SENDS RELIEF

Shanghai Dispatches Report Greatly
Alarming Conditions in Ngun-
Hwei and Kiang-
Si.

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 6.—The Commercial club of Seattle, through Senator Jones and Representative Humphrey of Washington, has asked the war department for the use of an army transport, for the purpose of sending an expedition from Seattle, Wash., to China, with relief supplies for the famine sufferers in that country. They were informed the war department was without authority to place a transport at their disposal, and that it could be done only by an act of Congress. The American national Red Cross society Saturday received a request for assistance in connection with the expedition. The society telegraphed to Seattle asking for specific information as to what co-operation was desired from the Red Cross, and is awaiting a reply before taking any action.

The Seattle Commercial club telegraphed Saturday night to The Republic: "On account of the crop failure, millions of people are starving in China. Seattle merchants are forwarding a thousand barrels of flour by the first steamer and will send more later. Each \$2 subscription will save one life. Earnest appeal to your readers for immediate assistance. Steamships here are co-operating. We expect army transports. The route by Seattle is the shortest. Send donations or checks to our order."

Shanghai dispatches to a news agency in London set forth the situation due to famine in the provinces of Ngun-Hwei and Kiang-Si as most serious. The information received at Shanghai indicates that thousands are perishing from starvation, and the death remaining unburied. Fears are entertained for the safety of many American missionaries. It is stated that nearly 2,000,000 people are in danger of death unless prompt relief is forthcoming.

NEW COLOR NAMED
AFTER MISS TAFT"Helen Pink" Is a Variation of Coral
in Three Shades and Is All
the Rage.

Washington, Feb. 6.—Miss Helen Taft's fondness for pink has resulted in the president's daughter being complimented by having a new and exquisite shade of that popular color named for her, and the "Helen pink" promises to have a great vogue in spring and summer fabrics.

The color is a variation of the fashionable coral pink and is shown in three tones, the deepest being almost as dark as a coral. It is, say its sponsors, far less trying to the average person than the old-fashioned rose pinks and is also easy to combine artistically with other shades.

Miss Taft's fondness for pink is proverbial and was never more remarked than when she chose it for the prevailing color of the gown she wore at her coming-out reception. This was a frock of white satin, veiled in chiffon of a pink somewhat like the new shade. Miss Taft's wardrobe contains several fetching creations in pink, which is pronounced by her friends to be "her color." The White House belle's complexion is of a fairness which can stand the challenge of the most trying tones of pink, but she prefers the coral shades which have been so much liked this season.

Miss Taft is not the first White House debutante to be thus honored, for Miss Alice Roosevelt's name was used in the christening of a shade of blue which as the "Alice" was everywhere worn. The enterprising manufacturer who named the "Alice" was cheated of his laurels, for well-nigh every blue put on the market that season was called the "Alice."

The new pink is so distinctive in tone that it cannot readily be duplicated. It is so beautiful that it is assured of a wide popularity, and the "Helen" will reign supreme as fashion's latest cry during the coming spring season.

Honest Advice to
Consumptives

Somewhere there exists a vast amount of skepticism as to the possibility of curing Consumption. We state none but facts, and are sincere in what we assert. If ourselves afflicted with Tuberculosis, we should do precisely what we ask others to do—take Eckman's Alternative promptly and faithfully. The reason we should do this, and warrant we have for asking all Consumptives to take it, is that we have the reports of many cures, one of which follows: 1219 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Gentlemen:—For two years I was afflicted with hemorrhages of the lungs, the number totaled nearly one hundred. Our family physician, doctoring another climate, as to remain would probably be fatal; however, I remained, and in February of 1907, I was taken with a severe attack of pneumonia. When I recovered sufficiently to walk about the house I was left with a frightful hacking cough, which no medicine I had taken could alleviate. I was again advised to go to another part of the country. It was at this time, March, 1907, that I learned of Eckman's Alternative. In a short time my cough was gone and I was pronounced "well" or "cured." Since that time I have had two slight attacks of pneumonia and I have resorted to no other medicine to effect a cure. I am at present in excellent health and feel that as long as I take Eckman's Alternative, I have no fear of Consumption. I cannot speak too highly for the good it has done.

(Signed) HOWARD L. KLOTZ, Eckman's Alternative cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung Affections. Ask for booklet of cures cases and write to the Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for free literature. For Sale by all leading druggists and Burt H. Wells, Barre, Vt.

SEVEN
YEARS OF
MISERYAll Relieved by Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound.Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I
suffered everything. I was in bed
for four or five days
at a time every
month, and so weak
I could hardly walk.
I cramped and had
backache and head-
ache, and was so
nervous and weak
that I dreaded to
see anyone or have
anyone move in the
room. The doctors
gave me medicine to
ease me at those
times, and said that I ought to have an
operation. I would not listen to that,
and when a friend of my husband told
him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-
ble Compound and what it had done
for his wife, I was willing to take it.
Now I look the picture of health and
feel like it, too. I can do my own house-
work, hoe my garden, and milk a cow.
I can entertain company and enjoy them,
any day in the month. I wish I could
talk to every suffering woman and girl."

—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this
country for the cure of all forms of
female complaints is Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound.It is more widely and successfully
used than of any other remedy. It has
cured thousands of women who have
been troubled with displacements, in-
flammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors,
irregularities, periodic pains, backache,
that bearing down feeling, indigestion,
and nervous prostration, after all other
means had failed. Why don't you try it?

LORD AND LADY DUDLEY.

Lieutenant Governor of Australia
to Be Sued For Divorce.

The second car of the train was a combination baggage and smoking car. It was badly shattered and immediately after the crash it caught fire from overturned kerosene lamps. It was with difficulty that any of the passengers in the smoking compartment succeeded in getting out, and Henderson and McIntosh were freed just in time to save their lives. Crozier, who was in the smoker, has not since been seen. A watch and pocket-knife known to have been his were found.

John Whitelaw, the express messenger, was pinned under the wreckage of his car. He was badly injured, but still conscious. The train crew heard his calls for help, and aided by passengers, they worked hard to effect his rescue. The flames drove them back.

"If you can't help me soon, I'll end it all," he was heard to say.

It was impossible to check the flames, which were rapidly nearing the spot where Whitelaw lay. There was the sound of a revolver, after which the injured man's voice was heard no more. He undoubtedly ended his agony with the revolver which he always carried in his belt.

Mistaken or forgotten orders are given as the cause of the accident. The light engine had running orders to Fort Erie, avoiding all regular trains. Just how the wrecked train was overlooked is a matter that will be investigated by the authorities.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Its Flight Through Space Toward the
Constellation Lyra.

In what direction are you moving? If you are going toward the Battery you will answer "south;" if up Broadway you will answer "north;" toward the Hudson you will say "west," and if in the direction of the East river you will reply "east."

These answers might be correct as regards the surface of the earth, but they may be far from answering the question, for the earth is turning eastward at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour, which carries you in that direction very much faster than you can move over the ground.

But that rotating motion, constantly changing your direction in relation to all outside the earth, is quite subordinate to another far more rapid motion that is carrying you and the earth around the sun eastwardly on an entirely different curve at the rate of about nine miles a second, ever changing your direction in relation to the stars in a circular path 279,000,000 miles long.

Yet that isn't a key to your direction, for little you, your tiny earth and your third rate sun, with all of its planets, are traveling as a united group in one direction, differing from all those mentioned. Find the large first magnitude bluish white star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, and you will be looking in the direction of the flight that our system is taking through space. If you will observe the stars around Vega for a few hundred years you will find that they are apparently slowly separating, while the stars at the opposite pole of the heavens are slowly drawing together. That means we are moving toward Vega and away from the opposite point. This motion is in a circle that cannot be exactly measured, but there is evidence to show that it will require 18,200,000 years for our system to complete it.

Then can you answer, "I am moving toward Vega?" Perhaps so, but more likely perhaps not, for it is far from unlikely that you and your solar system, with Vega and all of the galaxy of stars that eye can see on the clearest night, are moving in the same general direction around some great common center yet unknown. Who can tell? No one now, but the possibility is presented to the human mind from what we know of the motions of the great universal clock of space that marks off the seconds of eternity.—New York Herald.

By Comparison.

Singleton—I understand you had a pretty lively time at the club last night. Wedmore—I thought so until I got home.—Boston Transcript.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

Wassailing of Apple Trees Still Observed in Parts of England.

What is the wassailing of apple trees?

This is an old custom, fast dying out, but still observed in parts of Somerset and Devon. At Wootton Bassett, near Minehead, the ceremony takes place on old Twelfth eve. All assemble at the farmhouse and after a hearty meal form a procession to the nearest orchard, the master in front with a light and men with old gowns, blunderbusses and anything that makes a noise in the rear. Plenty of cider is taken and some pieces of toast.

When the orchard is reached a ring is formed, and the master, in the center, seizes a branch and sings a verse beginning "Oh, apple tree, I wassail thee, in hopes that thou wilt blow."

Then all shout in chorus:

Hailful, capful, three bushel bagful, Burn foolish, tulle holeful, And a little heep under the stairs.

Then follow cheers, drinking of healths, shouts of "Now, Tom Pod, we wassail thee!" and the placing of the pieces of toast, soaked in cider, among the branches for the robins.—London Answers.

BOYHOOD
AND
ALCOHOLThere are some things too
awful to contemplate—one
is the giving of alcohol in the
guise of medicine to boys.

We believe

Scott's Emulsion

is the only preparation of
Cod Liver Oil that contains
absolutely no alcohol, drug
or harmful ingredient of
any sort.

ALL DRUGGISTS

FIVE DEAD
IN COLLISIONTrain and Locomotive Meet
Head-on

NEAR PARIS, ONTARIO

Accident on Grand Trunk on Saturday
Night—Mistaken or Forgotten
Orders Cause of the
Collision.

Paris, Ont., Feb. 6.—Five lives were lost and one man is missing and was probably burned to ashes and four others were injured in a head-on collision late Saturday night on the Buffalo-Goderich branch of the Grand Trunk, when train No. 96, running from Buffalo to Goderich, met a light engine running east three miles northwest of Paris. The victims were all members of the crew of the passenger train.

The baggage car was piled on top of the wrecked engines and the mail car broke in two. The wreckage caught fire and was consumed.

The dead:—Peter McFarlane, Goderich, baggage-man.

W. B. Nye, Goderich, mail clerk.

J. W. Whitelaw, Whitby, express messenger.

Richard Turner, Stratford, engineer.

J. D. Smith, Stratford, fireman.

John May, Goderich, mail clerk, was severely burned, but will recover.

The others injured are:—W. T. Henderson, Brantford; Wm. McIntosh, custom clerk, Brantford; Ont. Robert Eustice, engineer light engine.

In addition to the list of dead, it is believed that R. M. Crozier, a passenger in the smoking car, was burned to death.

The second car of the train was a combination baggage and smoking car. It was badly shattered and immediately after the crash it caught fire from overturned kerosene lamps. It was with difficulty that any of the passengers in the smoking compartment succeeded in getting out, and Henderson and McIntosh were freed just in time to save their lives. Crozier, who was in the smoker, has not since been seen. A watch and pocket-knife known to have been his were found.

John Whitelaw, the express messenger, was pinned under the wreckage of his car. He was badly injured, but still conscious. The train crew heard his calls for help, and aided by passengers, they worked hard to effect his rescue. The flames drove them back.

"If you can't help me soon, I'll end it all," he was heard to say.

It was impossible to check the flames, which were rapidly nearing the spot where Whitelaw lay. There was the sound of a revolver, after which the injured man's voice was heard no more. He undoubtedly ended his agony with the revolver which he always carried in his belt.

Mistaken or forgotten orders are given as the cause of the accident. The light engine had running orders to Fort Erie, avoiding all regular trains. Just how the wrecked train was overlooked is a matter that will be investigated by the authorities.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Its Flight Through Space Toward the
Constellation Lyra.

In what direction are you moving? If you are going toward the Battery you will answer "south;" if up Broadway you will answer "north;" toward the Hudson you will say "west," and if in the direction of the East river you will reply "east."

These answers might be correct as regards the surface of the earth, but they may be far from answering the question, for the earth is turning eastward at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour, which carries you in that direction very much faster than you can move over the ground.

But that rotating motion, constantly changing your direction in relation to all outside the earth, is quite subordinate to another far more rapid motion that is carrying you and the earth around the sun eastwardly on an entirely different curve at the rate of about nine miles a second, ever changing your direction in relation to the stars in a circular path 279,000,000 miles long.

Yet that isn't a key to your direction, for little you, your tiny earth and your third rate sun, with all of its planets, are traveling as a united group in one direction, differing from all those mentioned. Find the large first magnitude bluish white star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, and you will be looking in the direction of the flight that our system is taking through space. If you will observe the stars around Vega for a few hundred years you will find that they are apparently slowly separating, while the stars at the opposite pole of the heavens are slowly drawing together. That means we are moving toward Vega and away from the opposite point. This motion is in a circle that cannot be exactly measured, but there is evidence to show that it will require 18,200,000 years for our system to complete it.

Then can you answer, "I am moving toward Vega?" Perhaps so, but more likely perhaps not, for it is far from unlikely that you and your solar system, with Vega and all of the galaxy of stars that eye can see on the clearest night, are moving in the same general direction around some great common center yet unknown. Who can tell? No one now, but the possibility is presented to the human mind from what we know of the motions of the great universal clock of space that marks off the seconds of eternity.—New York Herald.

By Comparison.

Singleton—I understand you had a pretty lively time at the club last night. Wedmore—I thought so until I got home.—Boston Transcript.

Ceresota Flour

A wholesome slice of Ceresota Bread for the children after school.

An Unfortunate
Situation

By JOHN TURNLEE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The only definite feature respecting my attentions to Phoebe Constant was that they were unwelcome to her father. Mothers are less apt to take definite ground with regard to their daughters, especially men friends, and the only opposition to my being devoted to Phoebe came from her father. Mind you, I was not engaged to her. I was not sure that I wished to be engaged to her, and she had not indicated that she wished to be engaged to me. This matter of love is usually considered as something that comes suddenly, turning a couple from indifference to a wild passion for each other. I admit that there are many such cases, but mine was not one of that kind.

One day Phoebe wrote me a note suggesting that if I had nothing special on hand for the evening I'd better come to see her. I did so and found that her father had gone on business to a neighboring town and would not be at home before 11 o'clock. If there is anything needed to bring about a love affair it is something clandestine. The fact that Phoebe had sent for me to be with her while her father would know nothing about it inspired me with a more tender feeling for her. Indeed, it opened the bud of love. For the first time in my life I put some warmth into my words and bearing toward her and received a corresponding response. When I left her I felt that we had made a beginning in a new relationship.

Mr. Constant kept a large dog on his premises which was chained every night at 10 o'clock. Not wishing to make my presence during Mr. Constant